



THE MAINE FARMER PUBLISHING CO., Publishers and Proprietors

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: \$1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. LXVIII.

Maine Farmer.

Z. A. GILBERT, Agricultural Editor.

The prize exhibition and annual meeting of the State Pomological Society opens to-day at Newport. We shall give a report of its leading features in our next issue.

What made the apple trees bear the past season? This is a good question for discussion in the columns of the *Farmer*. It is well known there was a wide difference in the bearing of even nearby orchards. What was the cause of that difference?

The Kieffer pear is being extensively grown in the Southern states and has been freely planted in the Middle states and in New York. It is largely used for canning, but for eating is far inferior to the Bartlett, Sheldon or Clapp's. Maine fruit growers better let it alone, as grown in this state it is little better than white oak chips.

The October crop report of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture gives the corn crop as a good, average one. Onions considerably above an average. Potatoes an exceptional crop in almost all sections, both in yield and quality. Apples a very poor crop, with the exception of a few localities. Cranberries rather

bonds grain, oil and cotton, bought for cash or on margin of 3 to 10 per cent.

VAL STREET GUIDE, containing information on departments, institutions, methods of successful calculation, and all particulars necessary for the use of the stock exchange, investments, and obtained by our Wall street experience, sent upon demand.

DUNLOP, MUIH & CO.

For Sale—Inbored Tormentor

bull calf. Some white mark-

ings; very fat, good

and fat. Weight 500 lbs.

Age 18 months. Sire, Torino,

by Sophie's Tormentor, the sire

of the famous Kieffer.

Gordon 2d, test, 15 lbs. 6 1/2 oz.

by Orran's Tormentor, the sire

of the famous Gordon 15 lbs. 16

oz., the dam of 6 in 14-b.

22 lbs. 12 oz.

Write for

HOOD FARM, Lowell, Mass.

HARRISON'S FEED MILLS

We offer you the best mill on the market.

Our mills have been on the market

for 50 years. They are the best

and most efficient and fastest grinding

and most economical and least expen-

sive mills in the country.

Address, A. W. Stiles Co., Lowell,

Mass.

W. A. NEWCOMB, Register. 2

EEBEC COUNTY... In Probate Court

August 1, in vacation, November 7.

CAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be

will and testament of Jane E. JUDD,

deceased, presented for probate;

That notice thereof be given

to all persons entitled to notice, to

have notice of the same, to appear,

then, to be held at Augusta,

on the date when the said notice

is given, if any, why, and to be held

as the last will and testament of the

testator.

G. T. STREVEN, Judge.

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This I Will Do!

I will pay \$100 reward for any case of colic, horse fits, curbs, splints, knotted cords, or similar trouble, that



Tuttle's Elixir

will not cure. It is the veterinary wonder of the age, and every stable should have a bottle always on hand. Locates lameness when applied by remaining moist on the part affected.

WAITS RIVER, Vt.

Dr. A. A. TUTTLE. "I have used your Elixir on one of the most vicious horses I ever saw on a farm, and entirely cured him. I will not pay good results, and will absolutely promise to do my best in the cause of a lame horse." O. R. GOVE.

Tuttle's Family Elixir cures Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Pains, etc. Sm-s of either Elixir mailed free for three pieces postage. Price \$1.00. Send for sample.

DR. S. A. TUTTLE, Sole Prop'r.

27 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.

Poultry.



WINTER EGGS.

"We are often prone to lay to 'the per-
versity of nature' things which are large-
ly our own fault. We often complain of
bad luck, or calmly accept it without
complaining, feeling that we must take
the inevitable; when the truth is, if
we looked about us a little, we might
very easily remedy that which troubles
us," writes a writer in *Poultry Journal*.

"It often seems to be a hard provision of
nature that our hens should lay plentifully
in the summer, when eggs bring 10
cents a dozen, and go back on us com-
pletely in the winter, when eggs are
worth from 25 to 50 cents a dozen. But
the truth is that it is the fault of neither
nature nor the hens. The whole trouble
is that we do not get our hens into the
proper condition to lay eggs. We are
not fair to the hens."

When we send a man to do a piece of
work we are usually careful to select a
man who is in a working condition, and
not a man who ought to be in the hospital.
But somehow or other we never
seem to think about that with our hens.
Anything that wears feathers and goes
on two legs seems good enough to us to
lay eggs, no matter what its condition.
Here is where we make mistake No. 1.

Then when we send a man to do a
piece of work we are apt to see that he
has the tools to work with. We are not
like Pharaoh in demanding bricks with-
out straw.

But how about our hens? Do we not
demand eggs without proper food? We
do that very thing, over and over again.

If there is one fact established in
heno-logy it is, that the fondness of fowl for
bugs and worms is not an unnatural
taste. The animal matter thus secured
supplies a most important element in the
fowl's food. And it is largely because
the hens cannot procure this food in winter,
that they cease to lay eggs.

Another reason for few eggs in winter
is that the hens are not only not in the
best physical condition, but the food
they get does not contain the proper
elements for egg making, and as has been
hated a hen cannot make bricks without
straw. Food containing the necessary
elements must be supplied if we are to
have full egg backs.

It is for this reason that the feeding of
green cut bones has become so popular
among money-making men and
women. Green cut bone supplies this
needed element as does no other food,
and at a less expense than grain can be
fed. It keeps the fowl healthy, it makes
eggs, and is, in short, an indispensable
food. No person who keeps fowl, he
who fears or many, can afford to be with-
out a green bone cutter.

STARTING THE BUSINESS.

Fall is a good time to commence the
poultry business—probably the best season
for beginners to start. Good breeding
stock can be purchased cheaper in
the fall than at any other season.

Many regular poultry breeders, says G.

O. Brown, in the *Baltimore Sun*, dis-

pose of their stock when

they fear that they may

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Now is the time to secure the breeders
for next year, and no better birds can be
obtained than those offered by the ad-

vertisers in our columns, while the price
will always be reasonable. A new ad-

vertiser appears this week from New

Brunswick, Mr. S. Jones, and having in-

spected his birds, we can attest their

value. Write him for description and
prices. He can be relied on to deliver
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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
The Maine Farmer Publishing Co.,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.JOSEPH H. MANLEY, Director.
OSCAR HOLWAY, Director.
JAMES S. SANBORN, Director.
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Director.JOSEPH H. MANLEY, President.
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Editor and Manager.

THURSDAY, NOV. 16, 1899.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
\$1.50 AFTER 3 MONTHS.ONLY AGRICULTURAL
NEWSPAPER IN MAINE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

For one inch space, \$2.50 for four insertions and sixty cents for each subsequent insertion. Classified ads. one cent a word, each insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. T. Brooks Reed is calling on subscribers in Kennebec county.

Mr. F. G. Gifford is calling upon subscribers in Somerset county.

Mr. E. S. Gifford is calling on subscribers in Piscataquis and Penobscot counties.

Mr. H. H. Hartline is calling on subscribers in Waldo county.

Mr. A. G. Fitz is calling on subscribers in Franklin county.

Mr. Howard G. Ellis is calling on subscribers in Northern Kennebec county.

Mr. Elmer T. Reed is calling on subscribers in Lincoln county.

Circulation Guaranteed.

THE LIVE,
PROGRESSIVE,
AGRICULTURAL
NEWSPAPER

OF THE EAST.

Fearless, Unbiased, Independent.

Devoted to the home farm and
farm home of the East, it is to
be more outspoken in their be-
half than ever.Sample Copy sent on applica-
tion.Try the Maine Farmer for one
month.

THE OLD HYMNS.

There's lots of music in 'em—the hymns of
long ago.An' when some gray haired brother sings the
old hymns to knowI sorta want to take a hand!—I think o' days
gone by;"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a
wistful eye!"There's lots of music in 'em—those dear,
sweet hymns of old—With visions bright of lands of light and
shining streets of gold;And I hear 'em ringing—singing, where mem-
'ry dreaming, stands."From Greenland's icy mountains to India's
coral strands."They seem to sing forever, of holier, sweeter
days,When the liles of the love of God bloomed
in all the ways;And I want to hear their music from the old
time meetin's riseTill "I can read the title clear to mansions in
the skies."We never needed singin' books in them old
days—we knewThe words—the tunes of every one the dear
old hymn book through!We didn't have no trumpet then—no organ
band for show;We only sang to praise the Lord "from whom
all blessings flow."An' I so love the old hymns, and when my
time shall come—Before the light has left me, and my singing
lips are dumb;If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass without
a sigh."To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my
possessions lie!"

—Frank L. Stanton.

The output of iron in the United
States already exceeds that of the whole
year 1898 by 60,000 tons. It will be all
sold and all used, too.Brockton fair realized this year \$48,-
005.45 with a net profit of \$11,624.13,
but Brockton cannot be duplicated in
Maine. How about the Maine State Fair
receipts and expenses this year?In our issue for Nov. 23, we shall give
full report of the annual meeting and
exhibition of the State Pomological
Society together with the addresses and
awards. Sample copies will be sent on
application.The Farmer is now prepared to send
catalogues of choice books for the library
or for Christmas presents, at prices which
must surely please the purchaser. Send
to this office for whatever you may want
in the book line.One of the surprises of the day is
that given by an officer elect of Kings
Co., N. Y., who declares the emoluments
of the office are much more than the
office is worth, and promises to ask the
legislature to cut down his fees. And their
concern does not go beyond the present
day. They take no thought of the future.""Women and children first!" yelled
the truckmen in the gangway of the Chi-
cago as it sank in the North river; while
away below them was the engineer stick-
ing to his post with his hand on the
lever, until the water was up to his arms
and the fires went out. "Not a day
passes over the earth," said Charles
Read, "but men and women of note do
great deeds, speak great words and suffer
noble sorrows.""From 6 to 10 per cent. of the physi-
cians of the country are slaves to mor-
phine," declared Dr. Crothers of Hart-
ford before the New York State Medical
Association the other day—and not a
single medicus arose to challenge the
correctness of the statement, or to disputethe speaker's assertion that the habit is
increasing. "Physician, heal thyself," is
a motto that evidently has not yet ceased
to have a meaning.In another column we make the greatest
premium offer ever presented the readers of Maine. This we do at large
expense hoping to add thousands to our
list before Jan'y 1st. The Maine Farmer
and the Woman's Home Companion, the equal of the Ladies' Home
Journal and with these the History of
Admiral Dewey, a book of 300 pages for
only \$1.50. Read the great offer. Send
in your names.The incongruities of justice were never
shown more clearly than in the hearing
for the pardon of Ashford Sampson, con-
victed as a common thief. Sampson's
verdict was six years' for stealing a
broncho from Rose Carson White. Rose
Carson White got 4 years for killing her
husband, Corn Witham two years for
stabbing a man, and Frank Quirion six
years and six months for killing two
men. All this in Kennebec county.In the Maine Farmer for Nov. 23, will
be found Prof. Robertson's full description
of his celebrated fastening coops for
poultry, now used in Canada, and re-
sults obtained with different lots, to-
gether with cuts illustrating these coops
and method of packing for shipping,
these illustrations having been specially
prepared for our columns. It will form
one of the best chapters published for
the practical poultry keeper and sample
copies can be procured by sending a
postal card to this office.Admiral Schley well says: "In all the
glorification which has come from your
hearts as a result of the outcome of the
late struggle we are very apt to forget that
all the heroes who contributed to it
were not in the battle line alone. We
are likely to forget that there were other
heroes who surrendered husbands, sons,
brothers and sweethearts and waited
anxiously until they came home covered
with laurels and surrounded by the love
of those for the home of whom they
were fighting."Book learning is practically unknown
in many a Russian community. According
to the Humanitarian, in 10,000 vil-
lages of the vast empire there is not a
school, and it is estimated that not 20
per cent. of the population of the em-
pire has acquired even the rudiments of
a common school education. It has been
estimated that if the Czar would dis-
band 100,000 men of his immense army
he would thereby save money enough to
provide a school for each of those vil-
lages. One would think that even Nicholas
would see that such an educational
move would be well worth while.A well-known pupil authority has the
following to say regarding the late brutal
prize fight: "These half-human beasts
have been driven from Arkansas, from
Louisiana, from Texas, in fact, from all
the South, only to be permitted to find
refuge in New York. As if New York
were not already burdened with sins! As
if it were not enough to have Tammany,
Croker, Platt, et al., hanging about her
neck like the dead body of a giant. But
to make her reputation still more un-
savory, she must take on this horrible
Coney Island mad menagerie of wild
beasts and protect them with her pre-
cious squads of disreputable police." In
my judgment every man concerned in it
ought not only to be held up to the exec-
ration and detestation of all decent people,
for that would not trouble them
much, but they ought also to serve each
at least one year in the penitentiary, or
long enough to tame their bestial in-
stincts, and every newspaper which
spreads out the filthy details for the detrac-
tion of the morbid and criminal classes
ought to be boycotted for a twelve-month."If the last legislature wanted to save
the taxpayers' money, why did they not
provide the means for the people to
abolish the Council at the same time they
created the office of Auditor? As a mat-
ter of fact, that legislature didn't want
to do anything but spend the taxpayer's
money, and I don't believe the farmers
of the state, or anybody else, will adopt
anything that was suggested by that dis-
credited body. I believe that the voters
will defeat the Auditor amendment next
September, and that the next legislature
will submit an amendment to the consti-
tution that will provide for the abol-
ishment of the Council, and their substitu-
tion, by an Auditor of accounts. That
every one is "ready to unite for the re-
peal of all laws granting fees, save for
the serving of legal processes, and the
payment of fixed salaries, to all officials,
state, county and town," will go without
the saying, and this "aid in adding to
the state treasury," would make it all
the easier to maintain the state govern-
ment without taxing the estates.The Farmer is evidently not "jest
ready" to fall right into the line with the
farmers in demanding the release of the
estates from state taxation, and yet this
was accomplished by the farmers of Con-
necticut without difficulty or complaint
on the part of the interests that bore the
amount from which the estates were re-
lieved.The listing bill practically relieved the
estate of Vermont at the same time,
while the agitation began by the grange
at the same time in the state, only re-
sulted in the creation of a costly commit-
tee to investigate and report upon the
tax systems of the other states, and as an
old farmer over in Jefferson remarked
about the recommendations of that com-
mittee to whom we have intrusted our
public affairs to determine for us the
momentous issue of peace or war, or
that if the determination be for war our
ready and unquestioning acquiescence
becomes patriotism and the support of
our country's contention becomes good
citizenship.In his thanksgiving proclamation, Gov-
ernor Rollins of New Hampshire gives
expression to the following noble senti-
ments: "Let a special effort be made to
honor our dear ones for the observ-
ance of this beautiful custom, and let
family reunions be held around all our
hearthstones. Let the morning of this
glad day be devoted to services of praise
and thanksgiving for the bounteousness
of the harvests and our general pros-
perity, and the afternoon to the rummagers
to the inmates of our charitable and re-
formatory institutions. 'Give back the
upward looking and the light,' to some
sorrowing soul, 'rebuild in it the music
and the dream,' even if it be but for a
day. Let the evening be devoted to the
children, who always seem so much
nearer to God than we older ones. MakeThe principal part of the revenue for
running the state government of South
Carolina is derived from the "dispensary
law," yet I have never heard that any
one there has been so greatly injured by
it. The Farmer also thinks it of doubtful
propriety for the state to go into the
business of raising revenue by chartering
of new corporations, as New Jersey is doing,
but the state has already been in that un-
savory business for years, and therefore
I believe that if an individual or
estate holds in trust for its people and
for humanity and civilization. In view
of such an unescapable liability to be
brought face to face with the question of
war, and in view of war's real nature and
destructive character, we cannot fail to be
most seriously impressed by the reflection
that we have expressly authorized those
to whom we have intrusted our public
affairs to determine for us the
momentous issue of peace or war, or
that if the determination be for war our
ready and unquestioning acquiescence
becomes patriotism and the support of
our country's contention becomes good
citizenship.The Farmer seems to think the aspect
is complicated by the fact "that if the
state tax upon town is abolished, what
claim can there be for the representa-
tives of these towns controlling the ap-
propriations of money for state expenses,
which they in no way assist in providing?"We have never heard that that objec-
tion has ever been raised in the state
where there has never been a tax levied
on the real estate, or in states where it
has been recently abolished.The principal part of the revenue for
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momentous issue of peace or war, or
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ready and unquestioning acquiescence
becomes patriotism and the support of
our country's contention becomes good
citizenship.The distinctions between rich and poor
grow more prominent each year. A
writer says: "With riches goes rank, and
with poverty goes disgrace in London.
There is no other place in the world
where it is so hard to make a living as in
London. The poor are getting poorer
all the time. They are submerged, and
they have no hope. They are content
to eke out their miserable existence
in the midst of poverty of the meanest
sort. The great majority of the people
of London are concerned only in getting
something to eat, shelter for the night
and rags for the coming day. And their
concern does not go beyond the present
day. They take no thought of the future."Admiral Dewey still shows his good
sense and while hobby riders have sought
in every way to commit to some folly he
has preserved a steady hand. His latest
touching a political issue is character-
istic of the man: "I have never wanted
to be President. I would not under any
circumstances be a candidate for office.
When the subject was first broached
after the battle of Manila, I made up my
mind I would not think of such a proposi-
tion. I have never had my determination
upon the point weakened at all. I
do not think General Grant added to his
fame by becoming President. He had
no previous training in politics. Neither
have I had. Neither have I any political
ambitions. I would not, therefore, run
for the presidency upon any considera-
tion.""Women and children first!" yelled
the truckmen in the gangway of the Chi-
cago as it sank in the North river; while
away below them was the engineer stick-
ing to his post with his hand on the
lever, until the water was up to his arms
and the fires went out. "Not a day
passes over the earth," said Charles
Read, "but men and women of note do
great deeds, speak great words and suffer
noble sorrows.""From 6 to 10 per cent. of the physi-
cians of the country are slaves to mor-
phine," declared Dr. Crothers of Hart-
ford before the New York State Medical
Association the other day—and not a
single medicus arose to challenge the
correctness of the statement, or to disputeIt would seem advisable for this coun-
try to choose for its custom house offi-
cers, men who are capable of dis-
tinguishing between a steel rat-trap and
a piece of Venetian lace, but some of
them have hardly that amount of dis-
tinguishment.Men who only know
enough to dig sewers or unload coal are
placed in a position which requires edu-
cation, tact and ability. At least, so it
would seem from the following incident:
A man brought over from Europe recent-
ly water-color drawing for which he
paid \$50. The appraiser, after a careful
study, placed the value at \$1.88. The
traveler also brought along with him a
little statue of the god Pan, which had
been dug up in Rome and still bore
traces of its long burial. The appraiser
decided that the certificate of the sculptor
should be presented before he could ad-
mit the statue.It must have been a very impressive
sight when Mrs. Jenness Miller lectured
in Brookline last week on "Correct dress
and physical development," and on
"Food at a low price for the half-starved,"
being clad, (by way of illustrating her
ideas of correct dress, we presume), in
a combination of rich moss-green velu-
tine, duchess lace, ermine and passementerie.
The train was made after the style of
the Empress Josephine's coronation
robes, the front confined by a stomacher
of diamonds. If this is Mrs. Miller's
theory of correct dress, many of us will
be obliged to continue to dress quite in-
correctly for some time to come. The
"half-starved" could be more directly
benefited by the application to their case
of some of the money spent on duchess
lace and diamond stomachers, than by
yards of easily propagated theories.When army aides in this country were
rent with the embalmed beef scandal last
year, England was duly shocked, and last
year, the world that no such thing could
possibly happen in the commissariat of
the British army. But it isn't best to be
too sure. A few days ago, the troop ship
Arwara, with the 2d Shropshire infantry,
delayed sailing from Southampton. The
cause was said to be defective machinery.
But it transpired that bad beef caused
the delay. The ship had taken aboard
15,000 pounds of English beef, no Amer-
ican beef in it, when just about sailing
time, the condition of the meat was
found to be shocking. Col. Stackpole,
the embarking officer, immediately ordered
the whole supply sent ashore. Fresh
beef was quickly drawn from various
quarters, and the ship got away,
after two days' delay. The condemned
meat, examined on the docks, was found
to be unfit for food, and was promptly
carried out to sea and thrown overboard.A well-known pupil authority has the
following to say regarding the late brutal
prize fight: "These half-human beasts
have been driven from Arkansas, from
Louisiana, from Texas, in fact, from all
the South, only to be permitted to find
refuge in New York. As if New York
were not already burdened with sins! As
if it were not enough to have Tammany,
Croker, Platt, et al., hanging about her
neck like the dead body of a giant. But
to make her reputation still more un-
savory, she must take on this horrible
Coney Island mad menagerie of wild
beasts and protect them with her pre-
cious squads of disreputable police." In
my judgment every man concerned in it
ought not only to be held up to the exec-
ration and detestation of all decent people,
for that would not trouble them
much, but they ought also to serve each
at least one year in the penitentiary, or
long enough to tame their bestial in-
stincts, and every newspaper which
spreads out the filthy details for the detrac-
tion of the morbid and criminal classes
ought to be boycotted for a twelve-month."It must have been a very impressive
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tine, duchess lace, ermine and passementerie.
The train was made after the style of
the Empress Josephine's coronation
robes, the front confined by a stomacher
of diamonds. If this is

The Story of an African Farm.

By OLIVE SCHREINER.

The stranger took off his hat, a tall battered chimney pot, and disclosed a bald head, at the back of which was a little fringe of curled white hair, and he bowed to Tant' Sannie.

"What does she remark, my friend?" he inquired, turning his crosswise looking eyes on the old German.

The German rubbed his hands and hesitated.

"Ah—well—ah—the—Dutch—you know—do not like people who walk—in this country—ah!"

"My dear friend," said the stranger, laying his hand on the German's arm. "I should have bought myself another horse, but crossing, five days ago, a full river, I lost my purse—a purse with \$500 in it. I spent five days on the bank of the river trying to find it—couldn't find a Kaffir to go and look for it at the risk of his life—couldn't find it."

The German would have translated this information, but the Boer woman gave no ear.

"No, no! He goes tonight. See how he looks at me, a poor, unprotected female! If he wrongs me, who is to do me right?" cried Tant' Sannie.

"I think," said the German in an undertone, "if you didn't look at her quite so much it might be advisable. She—she—she—might—imagine that you liked her too well—in fact—ah!"

"Certainly, my dear friend, certainly," said the stranger, "I shall not look at her."

Saying this, he turned his nose full upon a small Kaffir 2 years of age. That small naked son of Ham became instantly so terrified that he fled to his mother's blanket for protection, howling horribly.

Upon this the newcomer fixed his eyes pensively on the stamp block, folding his hand on the head of his cane. His boots were broken, but he still had the cane of a gentleman.

"You vagabonds se Engelschman!" said Tant' Sannie, looking straight at him.

This was a near approach to plain English, but the man contemplated the block abstractedly, wholly unconscious that any antagonism was being displayed toward him.

"You might not be a Scotchman or anything of that kind, might you?" suggested the German. "It is the English that she hates."

"My dear friend," said the stranger, "I am Irish, every inch of me—father Irish, mother Irish. I've not a drop of English blood in my veins."

"And you might not be married, might you?" persisted the German. "If you had a wife and children, now! Dutch people do not like those who are not married."

"Ah," said the stranger, looking tenderly at the block, "I have a dear wife and three sweet little children, two lovely girls and a noble boy."

This information having been conveyed to the Boer woman, she, after some further conversation, appeared slightly mollified, but remained firm to her conviction that the man's designs were evil.

"For, dear Lord," she cried, "all Englishmen are ugly! But was there ever such a red rag nose thing with broken boots and crooked eyes before? Take him to your room!" she cried to the German. "But all the sin does I lay at your door."

The German having told him how matters were arranged, the stranger made a profound bow to Tant' Sannie and followed his host, who led the way to his own little room.

"I thought she would come to her better self soon," the German said joyously. "Tant' Sannie is not wholly bad—far from it, far!" Then, seeing his companion cast a furtive glance at him, which he mistook for one of surprise, he added quickly: "Ah, yes, yes, we are all a primitive people here—not very lofty. We deal not in titles. Every one is Tanta and Oom—aunt and uncle. This may be my room," he said, opening the door. "It is rough; the room is rough—not a palace, not quite. But it may be better than the fields, a little better," he said, glancing round at his companion. "Come in, come in. There is something to eat, a mouthful, not the fare of emperors or kings, but we do not starve, not yet," he said, rubbing his hands together and looking round with a pleased, half nervous smile on his face.

"My friend, my dear friend," said the stranger, seizing him by the hand, "may the Lord bless you, the Lord bless and reward you—the God of the fatherless and the stranger. But for you I would this night have slept in the fields, with the dew of heaven upon my head."

late that evening Lyndall came down to the cabin with the German's rations. Through the tiny square window the light streamed forth, and without knocking she raised the latch and entered. There was a fire burning on the hearth, and it cast its ruddy glow over the little dingy room, with its worn eaten rafters and mud floor and broken, whitewashed walls, a curious little place, filled with all manner of articles. Next to the fire was a great tool box; beyond that the little bookshelf with its well worn books; beyond that in the corner, a small bed; beyond that the sleeper lay.

"I think he is a lar! Good night, Uncle Otto," she said slowly, turning to the door.

Long after she had gone the German folded his paper up methodically and put it in his pocket.

The stranger had not awakened to partake of the soup, and his son had fallen asleep on the ground. Taking two white sheepskins from the heap of sacks in the corner, the old man doubled them up and, lifting the boy's head gently from the slate on which it rested, placed the skins beneath it.

"Poor lambie, poor lambie!" he said, tenderly patting the great rough bear-like head. "Tired, is he?"

He threw an overcoat across the boy's feet and lifted the saucepan from the fire. There was no place where the old man could comfortably lie down himself, so he resumed his seat. Opening a much worn Bible, he began to read, and, as he read, pleasant thoughts and visions thronged on him.

"I was a stranger," he read.

Very tenderly the old man looked at him. He saw not the bloated body nor the evil face of the man, but, as it were, under deep disguise and feebly concealment, the form that long years of dreaming had made very real to him. "Jesus, lover, and is it given to us, weak and sinful, frail and erring, to serve thee, to take thee in?" he said softly as he rose from his seat. Full of joy, he began to pace the little room. Now and again as he walked he sang the lines of a German hymn or muttered broken words of prayer. The little room was full of light. It appeared to the German that Christ was very near him and that at almost any moment the thin mist of earthly darkness that clouded his human eyes might be withdrawn and that made manifest of which the friends at Emmaus, beholding it, said, "It is the Lord!"

Again and yet again, through the long hours of that night, as the old man walked, he looked up to the roof of his little room, with its blackened rafters, and yet saw them not. His rough bearded face was illuminated with a radiant gladness, and the night was not shorter to the dreaming sleepers than to him whose waking dreams brought heaven near.

So quickly the night fled that he look-

ed up with surprise when at 4 o'clock the first gray streaks of summer dawn showed themselves through the little window. Then the old man turned to take together the few coals that lay under the ashes, and his son, turning on the sheepskin, muttered sleepily to know if it were time to rise.

"Lie still, lie still! I would only make a fire," said the old man.

"Have you been up all night?" asked the boy.

"Yes; but it has been short, very short. Sleep again, my chicken. It is yet early."

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

CHAPTER IV.

BLESSED IS HE THAT BELIEVETH.

Bonaparte Blenkins sat on the side of the bed. He had wonderfully revived since the day before, held his head high, talked in a full, sonorous voice, and ate greedily of all the viands offered him. At his side was a basin of soup, from which he took a deep draft now and again as he watched the fingers of the German, who sat on the mud floor before him mending the tom of a chair.

Presently he looked out, where in the afternoon sunshine, a few half grown ostriches might be seen wandering listlessly about, and then he looked in again at the little whitewashed room and at Lyndall, who sat in the doorway looking at a book. Then he raised his chin and tried to adjust an imaginary shirt collar. Flinging none, he smoothed the little gray fringe at the back of his head and began:

"You are a student of history, I perceive, my friend, from the study of these volumes that lie scattered about this apartment. This fact has been made evident to me."

"Well—a little—perhaps—it may be," said the German meekly.

"Being a student of history, then," said Bonaparte, raising himself loftily, "you will doubtless have heard of my great, of my celebrated, kinsman, Napoleon Bonaparte?"

"Yes, yes," said the German, looking up.

"I, sir," said Bonaparte, "was born at this hour on an April afternoon three and fifty years ago. The nurse, sir, who was the same who attended when the Duke of Sutherland was born—brought me to my mother. There is only one name for this child," she said, "He has the nose of his great kinsman, and so Bonaparte Blenkins became my name—Bonaparte Blenkins. Yes, sir," said Bonaparte, "there is a stream on my maternal side that connects me with a stream on his maternal side."

The German made a sound of astonishment.

"The connection," said Bonaparte.

"Is it possible?" said the German, pausing in his work with much interest and astonishment. "Napoleon an Irishman?"

"Yes," said the girl slowly, "he had walked for only one day, his boots would not have looked so old!"

"If," said the German, starting up in his chair, irritated that any one should doubt such irrefragable evidence. "If, Why, he told me himself! Look how he lies there," added the German paternally. "Worn out, poor fellow! We have something for him, though," pointing with his forefinger over his shoulder to the saucepan that stood on the fire. "We are not cooks—not French cooks, not quite—but it's drinkable, drinkable, I think, better than nothing." he added, nodding his head in a jocund manner that evinced his high estimation of the contents of the saucepan and his profound satisfaction therein. "Bish, bish, my chicken!" he said as Lyndall tapped her little foot up and down upon the floor. "Bish, bish, my chicken! You will wake him."

He moved the candle so that his own head might intervene between it and the sleeper's face, and smoothing his newspaper, he adjusted his spectacles to read.

The child's gray black eyes rested on the figure on the bed, then turned to the German, then rested on the figure again.

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Long after she had gone the German folded his paper up methodically and put it in his pocket.

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So quickly the night fled that he look-

OFTEN WHEN BABY DOES ITS FIRST STEP MOTHER IS TOO WEAK TO WALK



what we see, makes us, and the child gathers the food on which the adult feeds to the end.

When the German looked up next, there was a look of supreme satisfaction in the little mouth and the beautiful eyes.

"What dost see, chicken?" he asked.

The child said nothing, and an agonizing smile was borne on the afternoons breeze.

"O God, my God, I am killed!" cried

the voice of Bonaparte as he, with wide open mouth and shaking flesh, fell into the room, followed by a hair grown ostrich, which put its head at the door, opened its beak at him and went away.

"Shut the door! Shut the door!" cried Bonaparte, sinking into a chair, his face blue and white, with a greenish hue about the mouth. "Ah, my friend," he said, tremulously, "eternity has looked in me in the face! My life's thread hung upon a cord! The Valley of the shadow of death!" said Bonaparte, seizing the German's arm.

"Dear, dear, dear!" said the German.

He had closed the lower half of the door and stood much concerned beside the stranger. "You have had a fright. I never knew so young a bird to chase before, but they will take dislikes to certain people. I sent a boy away once because a bird would chase him. Ah, dear, dear!"

"When I looked round," said Bonaparte, "the red and yawning cavity was above me and the reprehensible paw raised to strike me. My nerves," said Bonaparte, suddenly growing faint, "are delicate, highly strung, are broken, broken! You could not give a little wine, a little brandy, my friend?"

The old German hurried away to the bookshelf and took from behind the books a small bottle, half of whose contents he poured into a cup. Bonaparte drained it eagerly.

"How do you feel now?" asked the German, looking at him with much sympathy.

"A little, slightly, better."

The German went out to pick up the battered chimney pot which had fallen before the door.

"I am sorry you got the fright. The birds are bad things till you know them," he said sympathetically as he put the hat down.

"My friend," said Bonaparte, holding out his hand. "I forgive you. Do not be disturbed. Whatever the consequences, I forgive you. I know, I believe, it was with no ill intent that you allowed me to go out. Give me your hand. I have no ill feeling, none."

"You are very kind," said the German, taking the extended hand and feeling suddenly convinced that he was receiving magnanimous forgiveness for some great injury; "you are very kind."

"Don't mention it," said Bonaparte.

He knocked out the crown of his table in cold blood, placed it on the table before him and leaned his elbows on the table and his face in his hands and contemplated it.

"Ah, my old friend"—he thus apostrophized the hat—"you have served me faithfully, but it would not be fitting that I should officiate in service of one who for respect we shall not name. No, my friend, I will remain here, and while you are assembling yourselves together in the presence of the Lord, I in my solitude, will think of pray for you. No; I will remain here."

It was a touching picture—the ugly man there praying for them. The German cleared his hands from the meal and went to the chest from which he had taken the black hat.

"My friend," said Bonaparte, holding out his hand. "I forgive you. Do not be disturbed. Whatever the consequences, I forgive you. I know, I believe, it was with no ill intent that you allowed me to go out. Give me your hand. I have no ill feeling, none."

"It is not the latest fashion, perhaps, not west end cut, not exactly, but it might serve at a push. Try it on, try it on" he said, his old gray eyes twinkling with pride.

Bonaparte stood up and tried on the hat.

It fitted admirably. The waistcoat could be made to button by rippling up the back, and the trousers were perfect, but below were the ragged boots. The German was not disconcerted. Going to the beam where the hat was, he laid the black hat which he had taken off on the table, smiling knowingly. They were of new, shining cloth, worn twice, in a year, when he went to the town to "machinist." He looked with great pride at the coat as he unfolded it and held it up.

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Home Department.

EVERY MOTHER

Will be interested in the announcement made upon the fourth page regarding the Maine Farmer.

OUR DEAD.

Dear dead! they have become Like guardian angels to us; And distant heaven like home. Through them begins to woe us; Love that was earth's delight Is flight to happy places. The dead are sacred things That multiply our graces.

They whom we loved on earth Attract us to the hereafter. Who share our grief and mirth Back to us are given.

The more with noiseless foot Gravely and sweetly round us, And their soft touch hath cut Full many a chain that bound us.

NATURE STUDIES IN THE HOME.

(Essay written by Mrs. V. P. DeCoster, for Turner Grange.)

The love of Nature is not wholly a natural one, but is largely educational.

When walking along a public street, you may meet many strangers who will have no particular interest for you; but let a mutual friend introduce you to one of them, and then tell you about their home, work, habits, characteristics and family, the next time you meet that person, you will feel an immediate attraction.

You will stop with a smile and a greeting and experience a feeling of pleasure. As your acquaintance progresses, you will seek their home, study them and their relatives, and, if they are worthy, learn to love them.

Just the same with birds, plants and minerals. One may live among them all their life, but if they never study them or have even a first introduction, they will never love them. The commonest flower by the roadside is of interest when you know its name, family and habits.

It is the cruelest! sobbed the mistress of the room. The one by which I entered had bolted; the other was too weak and timid to communicate another word.

I heard voices from within. were those of the two men, and to the stillness of the night I every word, and soon recognized that of the lost lad.

shall not be done," said she.

must be done, mother," responded.

"It is the cruelest!" sobbed the mistress of the room.

"I am right, the sooner over the

injury, I thought I could detect a

sign, threatening look in his eye as

he spoke. "I am right, you know that."

but must not be done," said she, but

she had lost her fitness.

was silence after this. My

imagination pictured a plot against my

but had not intended, and now I

in my room carefully. There

out one window, and was some

from the ground.

knowing what else to do, I seized

and waited and waited. But

successed hour and I was undis-

covered. Daylight came at last, and I

had to leave my room. Had I been

the victim of a fevered fancy?

still, stranger, hope you still

the stuff given me

the head of the house as I entered

itting-room. Both his wife and

other were present. I surveyed the

amazingly, as I bowed and said that

not felt quite well during the

deed, sir," remarked the daughter,

do not look as if you had."

old calm, beautiful girl be the

hom I had thought insane? I was

with the two ideas that the

but now seemed equally unfound-

in no danger of being robbed and

and, surely that self-possessed

girl was not mad. Then what

mean? Had I gone mad myself?

not then know that the monomania

a sensible person until one sub-

comes into his mind. I soon saw,

ever, that the girl was not mad,

but, that their minds were

was again amazed when at

breakfast table my fair vis-a-vis be-

abstracted and leaned towards her

with the question,

I, mamma?"

mystery of the household became

to me. To solve it there was im-

possible. The expression of the

father's face words upon my

my manner indicated that I was

to hazard a question, while the

man looked more threatening than

hot bed.

girl appeared upon the scene, and

uth became known. She fell un-

upon the ground, and brain

supervened. She had never fully

recovered from its effects, and was

for the thought that it had

her lover's death. From what I

was concluded that Mr. Clayton was

his son, and was a gambler and drunkard.

was infatuated, however, and be-

that after marriage he would re-

turn. A mid-night elopement was final-

and, everything was ready.

Clayton, entering the garden late

the appointment, came to the door

and the house was

no answer, and engaged in a

which a pistol carried by

and some one

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Grange News.

Maine State Grange.
State Master,
OBADIAH GARDNER, Rockland.
Secy. Overland.
F. B. ADAMS, Bowdoin.
State Lecturer.
ELIJAH COOK, Vassalboro.
State Secretary,
S. H. LIBBY, Auburn, Dirigo P. O.
Executive Committee,
OBADIAH GARDNER, Rockland.
E. H. LIBBY, Auburn.
H. H. BROWN, Auburn.
L. W. JOSE, Dexter.
D. O. BROWN, Morrill.
BOYDEN BEAUCH, East Eddington.
Grange Gatherings.
Nov. 25—Penobscot Pomona, East Eddington.

Lecturer Cook's Appointments.
Nov. 21—Kenduskeag.
Nov. 22—Durham.
Dec. 6—Pittston.
Dec. 12—Monticello.

Penobscot Pomona at East Eddington next week, Nov. 25th, should call out a full attendance.

Dirigo grange, Freedom, will give a box social at their hall, Nov. 21. A cordial invitation extended to all.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 21, Starling grange will hold the third of a series of entertainments consisting of stereopticon reproductions of our late possessions, Cuba and the Philippines, following which there will be an oyster supper. The public are cordially invited to attend. Prices to suit the times.

East Hebron grange will hold a fair and dramatic entertainment at their hall, East Hebron, Friday evening, the 17th inst. They will present the play entitled "The Family Affair." After the play a fancy quilt and several other articles of fancy work will be disposed of, concluding with an oyster supper. Good music will be in attendance.

Owing to the illness of Past Master Wiggins, Sister Wiggins, Ceres of the National grange, was unable to start on Monday for the National grange sessions at Springfield, Ohio. We are glad to know that Bro. Wiggins is gaining steadily and will soon be able to resume duties, but the disappointment of both must be great that they could not make the trip and again greet friends from all parts of the country.

The great difference between the discussions of important questions by partisan politicians on the stump, and by members of the grange in a non-partisan organization, is that the politician tries to divide the people as much as possible in order to make an "issue," while the grange seeks the truth, and to get the people together, on the truth. The one divides for the benefit of *party*, the other unites for the benefit of the *country*.

One of the pleasantest as well as one of the most profitable meetings which Starling grange, Fayette, has for a long time enjoyed was that of Nov. 11. The beautiful morning resulted in a large attendance, and after the usual routine work of the order, the 3d and 4th degrees were conferred upon five candidates. Then came the usual "harvest dinner," served amid such socializing as grangers alone produce.

The meeting was declared public in the afternoon, when those present were treated—and a treat indeed it was—to a very able lecture by Dr. H. F. Shaw of Mt. Vernon upon the subject, "My Trip Abroad," or "A Bicycle Tour of England," enjoyed by the genial Dr. and his wife during the summer of '98. Mr. Shaw is a very able speaker indeed, and delightfully interesting was his discourse upon old England, its people, customs, schools, religions and famous old cathedrals, relating as he did, many beautiful legends connected with places of interest which were visited.

Many views of the old country were distributed for inspection. These, also, were intensely interesting. Space will not permit your correspondent to write at length upon the eloquent manner in which the subject was treated, but in conclusion we would say that it was an extremely interesting and very instructive lecture, for which this estimable gentleman received the thanks of our entire grange.

GRANGE FAIR.

The new grange started this year at No. Augusta, and which has now reached a membership of over 100, has about completed its new hall and will dedicate it Dec. 2, adding one more to the large, spacious and attractive grange halls in Maine. It is an ornament to the city and a credit to the order, calling for hearty praise for the zeal and enterprise of the members. Dec. 12 and 13 are the dates for the grange fair, when a dramatic entertainment will be given, one evening, and a varied program the second. Every member is working for the success of this fair, and every friend should lend cordial assistance.

KENNEBEC POMONA AT CHINA.

A regular meeting of Kennebec Pomona grange was held with Silver Lake grange, Nov. 8, Worthy Master, F. C. Diamond presiding. After the usual opening exercises the meeting was placed in the hands of Worthy Lecturer E. T. Clifford. Address of welcome was given by Sister Albee of Silver Lake grange, response by J. H. Barton of Windsor. The first topic, "Business Methods in Farming," cost of farm products when ready for market, was opened by Bro. Baker, along general lines. He claimed

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HOOD'S PILLS.

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.



The History of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regiment.
A book of 382 pages, and an edition of only 500 copies, has been divided among the committee for distribution. Any person who has paid one dollar for the history, and does not receive it within two weeks from now, should communicate with J. W. BLACK, Searsport, Maine.

Hay, Straw and Millfeed.
Hay is unchanged, with straw steady. Millfeed is rather easy: Hay, \$12@17; fancy and jobbing, \$17 50@18; rye straw, \$13@15; saddle, \$17 50@17; winter feed, \$18 50@20; oats, \$18@20; mixed feed, \$18 75@20; oats, \$18@20; mixed meal, \$20@20.

Pork.

Pork and lard not changed. Market very steady.

Beef.

Beef was very dull, with the idea that the stronger prices asked have checked trade: Choice, 93@10c; good, 90@10c; light, 7@8c.

Mutton, Lamb and Veal.

Lamb and mutton are in full supply, dull and easy: Lambs, 6@8c; Brightons, and mutton, 7@8c@10c; veal, 8@9c@10c; mutton, 4 1/2@5c@6c; fancy and Brighton, 6@7c; veal, 6@9c; fancy Brighton, 9@10 1/2c.

Poultry.

Poultry is quiet, with little change.

Northern turkeys, 14@18c; western, 12@14c; northern chickens, 12@16c; fowl, 13c; live chickens, 10@11c; fowl, 10@11c; live turkeys, 11@13c; green ducks, 12@15c; green geese, 14@15c; live fowl, 8@10c; chickens, 8@10c.

Apples.

While no stronger prices are yet quoted, apples are certainly doing better.

Gravenstein, 8@25c; Baldwin, 8@25c.

Yellow, 5@20c@25c; King, 8@25c@25c; Golden Delicious, 5@20c@25c; Russet, 5@20c@25c; Red Delicious, 5@20c@25c; Yellow, 5@20c@25c.

Potatoes.

Potatoes are a little firmer at full quotations: Extra Aroostook, Hebron and Green Mountains, 50c; Northern White and Green Mountain, 45@48c.

Beans.

Beans are well held: Carload lots, pea, \$1 25@15c; small, 80c; small, 80c@12 1/2c; yellow, 80c, \$2 25; red kidney, \$2 50; California small white, \$2 15@2 20; Lima, 5c per lb.; jobbing, 10c per more.

Butter.

Reports from all leading distributing points indicate a strong butter situation, and higher prices than last week are quoted. Boston continues to lag a little behind the other places, but she is gradually working up, and buyers have to pay about a half a cent more than the ruling rate a week ago for fine fresh arrivals and the best June stock.

The principal cause of the increased strength is the falling off in the supply of butter from Eastern points, and as this continues a strong undertone must be expected. But there is a point beyond which it is dangerous to go, as the high prices are pretty sure to cut off consumption, and when this is reached sellers will have to move cautiously.

Sales yesterday of what came under the head of extra creamery were made at 25c@26c. Boston is still offering the same amount of unsold size butter, 25c, and enough sales were made at that figure to make 25c the full quotation for new arrivals of Northern creamery. As usual on an advance, buyers were slow to respond, and looked around a good deal for something cheaper, but as the situation stands, fine fresh creamery cannot be bought here for less than 25c. Boxes sold at 25c early in the day, but late the finest was generally held at 26c.

CHEESE.

There is nothing particularly new to say about cheese. The demand has been steady, with sales in lots as wanted by the trade at 12 1/2@13c, including the best Vermont and New York whey. But very few lots brought over 12 1/2c. The country markets are firm, and holders have full confidence in the situation.

Eggs.

Strictly choice fresh Western eggs were in better demand, with sales at 22@23c, but for the bulk of the arrivals 19@20c, including a 25c selling rate, and slow at 20@21c. Fresh eggs in demand at 23@24c, and fancy hens at 23@24c. The latter are scarce and wanted. Storage eggs rule quiet at 19@20c, but hard to sell many at over 19@21c.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

Beef cattle were in fair demand and prices were generally sustained. Some very good Eastern cattle found their way to market this week regular premium stock, and well up to the feed, and good top prices. Sales, from 2 1/2@3c.

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MEAT STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 33c; sheep, 70c; hogs, 11c; veals, 46c; horses, 115c.

LIVE STOCK EXPORTS TO OLD ENGLAND.

From Boston for the week the shipments were 1,306 cattle and 16 horses. English market has advanced 1@1 1/2c on cattle dressed weight, with sales at 12 1/2c@13c. Tops at 13c.

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 2,961; sheep, 14,594; hogs, 26,358; veals, 1,866; horses, 555.

Last week:

Cattle, 3,433; sheep, 6,306; hogs, 34,48; veals, 1,605; horses, 671.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 336; sheep, 700; hogs, 11c; veals, 46c; horses, 115c.

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